

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1880.

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE

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MORRISTOWN, TENN. S. E.

The Georgia Western is sure to be built.

Two Colorado children, digging sand found a \$60,000 gold mine.

Lotta has realized \$45,000 during the last twenty-six weeks of her engagement.

Five thousand dozen eggs were retailed from a store in Bristol, Tenn., on Friday.

Transylvania county, N. C., will vote \$50,000 in aid of the Atlantic and French Broad railroad.

A Winchester, Va., manufacturer is building two carriages to fill an order from London, England.

Seventy-six towns in Connecticut (about one-half the State) have voted against licensing the sale of liquor.

A Cleveland man all dead in church as he collected plate approached him and thereby saved twenty-five cents.

A most un-fortunate accident at Glens, Switzerland, commemorates the anniversary of his wife's death by distributing 15,000 francs among his workmen.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives passed a bill Thursday repealing the law prohibiting the intermarriage of blacks and whites, which has been a dead letter for a long time.

The Presbyterian theological seminary at Danville, Ky., with a full faculty and a library of 10,000 volumes, is getting along with a new class of three, a middle class of two and a junior class of one.

Pretty Mrs. Christianity was often subjected to the persuasive eloquence of a pragmatic knock-down argument, and she sincerely wishes that she had not given up her place in the Treasury to be the wife of a bald-headed millionaire.

New Orleans is to have a new weekly line of steamers to Liverpool and Havre, backed by French capital. F. J. Reed, engineer in chief of the British admiralty, has already made plans for the ships at an estimated cost of about \$600,000 each, and with a capacity of 3,500 tons of cargo.

Lulu Peayne, of Hartford Plain, Ga., deemed herself unfit to live but had not quite made up her mind to commit suicide. So she provided herself with arsenic, and went to hear a sermon on morality, intending to judge herself by the preacher's standard. He was exceedingly severe in his denunciation of sin, and before he was done Lulu swallowed the poison. However, her life was saved.

Senator Logan's speech on the Fitz John Porter case will fill forty-eight pages of the Congressional Record, and is said to be by far the longest speech ever printed in it. No doubt somebody corrected the grammar and English of this long winded production. To this individual L. g. should have addressed the memorable words of Dequerry: "Though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

Society circles in New Orleans are amused over a young couple who want to get married. The gentleman is a Protestant and the lady is a Catholic. One wanted to be married by a Protestant and the other by a priest. They bin lated to be married first by a magistrate, and then to have the knot tied over again according to the forms of their respective churches. They were married by a magistrate and then went to the priest. The priest refused to marry them because of their civil marriage unless a dispensation were obtained from the vicar-general. The dispensation was obtained. The priest still refused to marry them because he heard that they intended to be married again by a Protestant minister. The young people don't know what to do. They don't consider themselves married yet.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, having rashly stated, a short time ago, that triplets who were about to celebrate together their 21st birthday in that city, were the only three on record who had reached that anniversary together, has lately been overpowered by an avalanche of documents detailing the facts connected with the existence of numerous persons to refute its statements. Among the most remarkable instances furnished is one of three maiden sisters in Jessamine county, Ky., who were born together in 1827, and are now 53 years of age. Such has been the affection of these sisters for each other that they have gone but little into society, and have regularly maintained a life of celibacy even unto this day. When just verging into womanhood their father, who is now dead, exacted from them a vow never to marry and never to separate until death. And this promise they have religiously kept.

Among the men who refuse to patronize legal papers is one who gives a second-hand pair of pants to one of his sons for charity's sake, and then makes it a point to let the editor know of it, so that this deed may herald it abroad and let the world know of his benevolence. This same old dead weight on human progress and civilization will tell you that advertising doesn't pay.

THE YOUNG DESERTER.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

A great favorite in our frigate and particularly in the mainmast, was young Paul Edwards—as he was registered on the purser's books; though there were hints now and then thrown out that his real name was Stanley, and that he was the son of a noted English family. It was said the very early in life he had quarreled with his high-born relatives and left them. Since then he had pursued a roving life with little prospect of ever being other than a poor nursing of the storm, wearing out his life on the rolling billows, and finally sinking into an obscure grave, unhonored and unknown.

At least Paul seemed to have no ambition to be anything more than an active and enterprising mainmast-man, first on the yard in a storm and the last to be thrown overboard in danger, whatever it might happen to be.

He was still quite young, not more than 19. Had he no mother—no sisters—no brother? Had he no yearning for the companions of his childhood?

If so, he never showed it. Other young seamen would sometimes speak of a kind sister, a brother or a sweetheart whom they had left behind them, but Paul Edwards was silent as the grave in the presence of his comrades, and the people among whom his early years had passed. One might have imagined that he was a child of the sea, one who had never been on shore at all; for he never made mention of the land or anything that grew upon it.

All his thoughts—all his conversation were of the sea.

This might have continued to be the case with Paul Edwards till old age blunted his faculties, and the wheel at the cistern could no longer turn round, if nature had not implanted in the two sexes a mutual regard, if feminine beauty had not an almost irresistible something else earthly can withstand.

We lay at Callao. The crew had liberty on shore. A part of them went at a time, spending forty-eight hours in Callao and Lima.

When the mainmast-men took their turn on shore, Paul was of the number. In the evening Paul and several others visited the theater in Lima and witnessed the performance of "Rella," a very different play from our "Pizarro; or, the Death of Rella."

When, in the last scene, the High Priest of the Sun bade himself with an arrow, there was a general laugh among the audience, as the suicidal ecclesiastical had been from the first the persistent enemy of Com.

But Paul could easily distinguish from the general merriment a slight cry as of terror or sympathy, and mechanically turning his head to see from whom it proceeded, his eyes encountered the lovely features that he had ever looked upon.

It was the countenance of a young Spanish beauty from which the momentary trouble was just passing away, like a thin cloud from the morning star; and as if suddenly recollecting that what she had witnessed was only simulated suffering, her features were lit up by a smile. She would, probably, have said, if questioned on the subject, that she was laughing at her own folly.

Paul did not speculate on the subject. He had simply witnessed Spanish beauty in two places, and he had seen it in Lima. All this passed in a moment, and yet on the mind of the young topman it left an impression never to be effaced.

The immediate result was that when, at the end of their forty-eight hours, the mainmast-men returned to the ship, Paul was not among them. At first it was surmised that he had been robbed and murdered, as the officers, however, one and all, that he would never be a voluntary deserter.

But scarcely two weeks had passed when a tall Spaniard or Cholo came off to us in his canoe and obtained an interview with the Captain of the frigate.

"That man is after blood money," said Bill Regan, Captain of the mainmast, after having watched the motions of the stranger a few moments.

Scarcely had the informer left when the boatswain's whistle rang through the ship, and the name of W—S— was loudly called.

W—S— made his appearance in the gangway, and the Captain conferred with him a long time.

As it was remembered that Paul Edwards was last seen in the company of this W—S—, the crew inferred that the Cholo in his canoe had come on board to inform against Paul, and had mentioned the fact that W—S— knew where he was concealed.

It was soon known that Paul Edwards had obtained an introduction to the young Spanish beauty whom he saw at the theater, and that her charms had tempted him to desert. A shipmate of his, named W—S—, had pointed out the place where Paul was concealed—though not before a native called Paola had come on board and given such information as led to the capture of the unfortunate lover.

It was the tall Spaniard of whom I have spoken, who came off in his canoe, and who Bill Regan suspected was "after blood money." He had given the information which led to Paul's capture, and had received, in return, Spanish dollars, and that was the "blood money" of which the Captain of the mainmast had spoken.

Paul and several other offenders were soon seized by a court-martial, and Paul was ordered to receive three dozen lashes with the cat-o-nine-tails for desertion.

Paul received his punishment, and, although he observed on the shore, several persons were seen running inland from the beach; and the quarter-master, upon looking through his spy-glass, announced that Paola's house had been overthrown, or, as he expressed it, had been knocked into the shape of a cocked hat.

The officer of the deck then took the spy-glass, and, after looking through it a moment, said that the people on

MORMON LAND MONOPOLY.

BY THOMAS L. RAYMOND.

The Territory of Utah is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Wasatch Mountains. In the east of these mountains lies the Utah Indian reservation, larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the territory is bounded almost entirely on the east by the Utah reservation, the State of Colorado. Because of the location of these reservations, agricultural settlements cannot be expected to exist in Utah east of the Wasatch range for many years, for farmers would have to live in constant fear of Indian incursions. The farming settlements of Utah are, therefore, confined to the foothills and valleys on the west side of the mountains, where the land is irrigated, without the use of capital, by the mountain streams, which are fed by the snows which lie on the heights. Not more than one-third of the land in Utah can now be irrigated in this way for lack of natural streams, and water cannot be supplied for the remainder until the sinking of artesian wells for this purpose has been completed. But experience shows that the most barren lands of Utah will become naturally fertile wherever water can be brought to them.

Wherever the land could be irrigated by natural streams, and could, therefore, be used for agricultural purposes, the thirty Mormons ingeniously secured it against appropriation by any persons except those of their own faith. Little colonies of from 200 to 500 persons were systematically arranged along the west side of the Wasatch Mountains, and these colonies were incorporated as cities by the Territorial Legislature of Utah. When Congress threw open the public lands to settlement by farmers, the Mormons, in 1841, and the Homestead law, in 1862, it was provided that any lands within the limits of an incorporated city, or selected on the site of a city or town, could be taken by farmers. In order to control the farming lands in Utah, the Mormons blanketed a series of incorporated cities almost the entire width which could be irrigated by natural means, and without great expense. In many cases the land of one corporation joined the land of the corporation next to it, so that a traveler can go a great distance in Utah without passing beyond the limits of some incorporated city, although he is frequently miles from a house or habitation. In this way the Mormons practically shut out the farmer from the territory all who are opposed to them. When a Mormon desire to acquire the United States title to 160 acres of land, within the limits of one of the cities, they take no other objects, but if a Gentile attempts to get a title the Mayor of the city files in the United States Land Office at Salt Lake City an affidavit that the undesirable settler is within the limits of an incorporated city, and is, therefore, seeking to secure a title in violation of the laws of Congress.

Good and Bad Breakfasts.

To eat a Scotch breakfast, for example, one requires to have passed some time in mountainous air and active exercise. Given these conditions, the porridge, the haddock, the oatmeal, the marmalade, the hot "scones," the strawberries and cream, the tea and coffee, and the rest, are all that a frugal taste can desire. But Mr. Hart thinks that tea is not the right beverage at breakfast. It is a stimulant to the nerves, and the nerves should not be stimulated so early in the day. To be sure, a pipe afterwards should make that all right, but people who do not smoke, if they be truly wise, should avoid tea at breakfast. The French take wine, and a good deal of it, but how Frenchmen can do this as they do and achieve any sort of work afterward is a great mystery. They begin the day with a roll and some coffee (also, "nerve-stimulant," we fear) and get through much business before noon. But how they can attempt business for three hours after their exorbitant second breakfasts no Englishman can hope to learn. "Breakfast should be digestible, warm, abundant, unexciting, nourishing." Eggs, bacon and toast, day after day, for all one's life, are abundant, and may be nourishing, but are only too certainly "unexciting."

Mr. Hart suggests porridge as good for breakfast, and so it is if the other items of a Scotch breakfast are to follow. By itself it is not very filling at the price. Here hominy has the advantage over the northern dish, but hominy is less exciting. Like the buckwheat cakes of a distinguished artist, it "gets a little monotonous." Hominy is eaten with milk and sugar, but it is still better with salt and pepper, or any thing that will give it character. In breakfast we are all too much the slaves of routine.

Two Systems of Slavery.

BY FRANCIS COLEMAN.

The war against Chinese immigration has commenced, and like the war against slavery, is not likely to cease until the evil complained of is abolished. A Supreme Court of the United States that decision only intensified the feeling against the institution which demanded such decisions from our Courts. The Supreme Court may declare the California laws in conflict with the Burlingame Treaty, but such a decision would have only a temporary effect. The modification or abrogation of the Burlingame Treaty will be demanded, and with the treaty gone, the Chinese in new law will fall to the ground. California has reached a turning point in her history. The State, with a unanimity rarely displayed in a State Legislature, has declared against the employment of Chinese by corporations under State control. It is as broad a declaration as can be made against that class of labor. The act was placed in the statute book with the aid and cooperation of all parties. It is an expression of the will of the people. The question for large employers of labor to decide is, if they accept the state of affairs as final, or continue the contest.

Murderers and Midnight Assassins.

BY QUINCY MORTON STAPLE.

It required a column and a half of fine type, in the Chicago Times, to give a list of the murders committed in that city in three months. There are too many men in Chicago dying with their boots on. While the thieves, robbers and pickpockets have charge of the city, it is hardly safe for an innocent man to venture there. The Chicago Convention will meet at Chicago in June, but it cannot be possible that the roughs have begun to congregate there already. Chicago must provide herself with a more efficient police force and suppress her lawless inhabitants, or she will add fresh lustre to her name as "the paradise of thieves and murderers." The city by the lake must reform.

There are some minds which we must leave to their idleness.

"A LONG BRANCH LYRIC."

BY THOMAS L. RAYMOND.

Long Branch the scene:
Three persons, here of stately mien,
And sudden somewhat about
The third, by looking sharp, you find
The undersigned.

"Two right o'clock
(P. M.) They sat upon a rock—
(To say upon the sand would knock,
If it be some, at least the rhyme,
Quite out of time.)

So close they sat,
Their faces mutually gazing at,
"Wasn't that a lovely day?"
They did not see the sea,
And much less sea.

I know him well,
The ocean held no heavier swell,
And when it loomed he was the tide,
Of the Constitutional Bank,
And smoked and drank.

A Venus sat,
Beside the youth, and smiling at him,
(That's quite good, it seems to me,
As anything that Homer had
In Italy.)

Her cheeks were pink,
And her eyes were blue, and she smiled at him,
Her form perfect, and I think,
She wore a necklace of pearls,
The size, thin, thin.

"One year," she said,
And then her cheeks grew red and red—
"One little year, and I shall not,
The best, most many of all men,
Admire me, then."

"One year," said he,
And when you had been loving—
"One little year, and I shall not,
The best, most many of all men,
Admire me, then."

She gave a start,
Then pressed one hand against her heart,
And then the other—
"You're not a bit of a poet,
And then—ah, then!"

"Six months," she went by,
The teller, who had been high,
"One year, and I shall not,
The best, most many of all men,
Admire me, then."

Montaigne the first,
"Alas! my heart is in despair,
And then the other—
"You're not a bit of a poet,
And then—ah, then!"

WATERS AND WILDS.

A rule for a man who would purchase a good watch—by its works you shall know it.

The trouble with the midnight cat is not much that it cannot sing as that it firmly believes it can.

It need not be inferred that railway companies are scared because they have been making tracks so rapidly.

"DEATH looks a shining mark," which is perhaps the reason why a dead mankind shines on a moonlight night.

The *Picayune* remarks that when a man is out of money any change that may come to him is for the better.

WESTERN papers are discussing the question, "Shall married women work?" The husband of the period will answer that question in the affirmative.

"WILL you name the bones of the head?" said the teacher to one of his class at a Medical College. "I've got all in my head, teacher," replied the pupil, "but I can't give 'em."

"You promised to pay that bill yesterday," said an angry creditor to a debtor. "Yes," calmly replied the other, "but to err is human, to forget divine, and I forgot it."

The conductor of a railroad train in New York State thought he spied a couple of lovers by starting out two minutes ahead of time. They had to walk eight miles, but the girl said she wished it was twenty.

THERE is no good reason why the names of the months should not be changed and Americanized. How much more consistent it would be to substitute "Nipand-Tuck" for January, and "Slosh-Around" for April.

THERE is always an irrepressible conflict going on in one's mind when he sees a small boy taking his first smoke, as to whether the boy is smoking the cigar, or the cigar is smoking the boy.

A WATERLOO woman thought she got the best of a tin peddler the other day when she snatched about twelve pounds of old copper and two sections of lead pipe into the rag-bag and stuck them upon him at two cents per pound.

A CHINESE student at Andover wrote in a lady's album the following version of a well-known poem:

FOR THE
NORTH AND WEST!
Do not fail to see this year's Ticket, made by the
NASHVILLE,
CHATTANOOGA &
ST. LOUIS R. R.

Good Coaches, Good Road and Quick Time.

JENNIE SMITH and Rev. Hayden are lecturing

THERE are three hundred and eighty churches in the United States, and more buildings. And churches are building at the same rate. The devil is working hard to keep pace with the times. You can take this either way. It is a regular double-headed snake, as it were.—*Jersey City Journal*.

SOME modern model definitions: Remorse—the pillory of the past. Conscience—a burr in the bosom. Voice—the bellman of brain. Ear—the sentinel of sound. Eyelid—the drop scene of death. Trust—the plaything of the prodigal. Sneer—a lancer in the lip service. Num—a dried fruit of divinity. Laugh—an exclusive possession of the animal man. Sorrow—a wrinkle of dimples.

MAKING announcements from the pulpit has become an integral part of the morning and evening service in many churches. It is a convenient method of communicating a fact to hundreds of people, but a preacher in Sharon said he did not propose to turn his pulpit into a bulletin board, as there were three newspapers in the town, and in accordance with that declaration refused to give out the notices handed to him by the sexton.

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Has the sole agency for the sale of the STUDEBAKER WAGONS—price reduced to \$72.00, including brake on box and running gear and spring seat. Sole agent in East Tennessee for the sale of RUSSELL & CO.'S "NEW MASSILLON" THRESHING MACHINES, Horse Powers and the repair for the same. This new machine of Russell's has a closer and better adjustment, which can be attached at any time at a cost of only \$50.00, and is far the best machine on the market. Send for circular. We keep a large stock of all kinds of Agricultural Implements and repairs, including Mowers, Reapers, Self-Binders, Grain-Drills, Avery's Steel Plows, &c.

At factory prices, John Deere Steel Plows, Cast's Look-Lever Rakes, Minimal Straw Cutters, Fish Bone Wagons (very cheap), Double-shovel Plows, and steel shovel and bull tongue blades.

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